WHEN EUGENE FIELD WAS A ST. LOUIS NEWSPAPER MAN.

began to be belief ever and talked about and the more it was studied the more all of the reading profile of the country became

newspaper man was made here in this city. One day in the early seventies, as nearly as my faulty memory as to dates serves me, be became a member of the reportorial stuff of the Evening Journal, a paper issued from Olive and Fourth streets, and in many respects the most remarkable newspaper ever published in this metropolis. It was run on wind. There was no such thing as a pay day in its calendar. The reporters, editors, printers, pressmen, struck the countingroom dally, morning, noon or night, whenever they entertained a suspicion that the management had "mude a killin"." If there was any money in the drawer the first caller was apt to get it; all subsequent visitors re ceived a delightful smile and returned to their respective duties empty-handed. But all this is another story, as some very famous writer of Jungle tales has remarked. It did not take very long for Field to satisfy himself-and his associates on the paper-that he was not of the requisite build for a reporter. He lacked the repertorial none for news. Then, too, he was shy on energy. Hurrying over the town through all gorts of weather, het, cold, wet, dry, in search of the news, was not to his liking. There was no trouble about the writing of the items; the difficulty lay in the hunting of them. And so It came to pass that Field fell to writing

editorial brevities, and the managing editor, George C. Hume, fell to accepting and

As nearly as I was ever able to get at it, nobody had ever suggested that he take employment in the editorial-rooms that is, nobody in authority around that estab-lishment had suggested it or made any financial advances in that direction. He just invited himself in and went to grinding our paragraphs and tiring them through the regular channel with an industry and confidence that excited the admiration of the "staff." Good paragraphs, too, full of meat, bright as new plus and touching all conceivable subjects. There were good-natured digs at staid, sober old burghers, pleasant poetical allusions to local happenings, with now and then a sharp jab at some fashionable fad. We of the "staff" read them with avidity. We talked about them in our travels over town and presently there was a noticeable increase in the demand for the paper. We used to say of the Journal that it con-tained two departments that were eagerly scanned by the multitude-the legal advertisements of trustees' sales and Eugene Field's pleasant pencilings. Once in a great while some fellow whom Field had paragraphed would climb upstairs to jaw

"There you are," he would say as the trate one departed, "You may go right along for months or years writing complimentary things about a chap and he'll never see 'em-leastwise, if he does he'll never take the trouble to cross the street to say so or thank you for your kindness. But just write one line that touches , a weak spot and stick it away off in the most obscure corner of the paper, and you may wager your life insurance policy that his engle eye will catch it. You'll hear from him sure. Yea, he'll climb four flights of stairs to get close enough to let you hear from him." Then he'd sigh, "Sich is life in the fur

West," and take up the pencil for work. When the paper had gone to press it was our custom to have a song symposium. Field was a fine singer. He did the solo parts and Aleck Webb, Ash Cohen, Major Emory S. Foster and the writer of these lires made up a chorus that Eugene used to claim "was no slauch." Our repertoire bristled with compositions of a religious or sentimental character. We were unusually strong in "Oft in the Stilly Night," "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," "Rock of Ages," "Cottage by the Sea," "Seeing Nellie Home" and the like.

Occasionally, when the spirit moved him, Eugene would fly off in a string of imita-

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JAMIESON-HIGGINS CO., PUBLISHERS,

tions of popular actors, public speakers or Gilson, John M. Bittinger, Major John N. cold on the morning of Mon- well-known characters about town. In these | Edwards, Henry W. Ewing, Captain Dick day, November & love at his home in Buena he was exceptionally clever. I recall one in Collins, Governor Brockmeyer, Captain Dan her fuculty-five years he particular that was perfect, Carl Schutz Able, Senator Naylor and such choice spiron various newspapers in the was then a big figure in the public eye, its; there were songs and stories; there West, the had ten erabbeen of these in the making speeches of a political nature or dealls, but untelds of a certain livering addresses on his hobby, the money make Triberia and aspeciates, exception. Field used to say that the Hotel struck their tents and got them beyond the brother scales and entrone of letters, had enable Carl invariably opened up in this confines of letter are fame. It was after his pened style, his pronunciation being deliberate and for them. from the fired theory that the court: "Ladies and gen-tel-men; With your record of what this gental worker had done | Devet-remission, I will this exeming address to you a few r-r-remarks on the subject of our-r-r-matismal fer-mance."

Field different from all the other writers of light and humorous lines that I ever met parable loss. His farm grown with the talk funny as well. He was an admirable in that he could not only write funny, but began his literary career in St. He had taken dinner one evening at the Louis Wille at the State University at house of a gentleman at that time resid Columbia he had written some little things ling in Pine street, but now comfortably for the college paper, but his debut as a Louncel in a near-by suburb. The gentleman could not honestly lay claim to good looks, though his heart was in the right place He was very, very homely.

Old-timers will remember Kirk Anderson. who used to be a writer on The Republic the building on the northwest corner of hefore the Civil War, Kirk boasted that he was the ugliest man in the State of Missourf, He was proud of his uglinessused to gloat over it. Well, the gentleman who was Field's host on the occasion referred to would have put Kirk Anderson to

were lots of good things-lots and lots of them. Verily, the cares that infeted the day confines of Cole County. It was no place

It was a custom with this goodly com pany to have a 'possum dinner every winter, during their meeting at the capital. This was an occasion looked forward to with pleasurable auxiety. There was much conferring over preliminaries, acronsing of details, planning of order of exercises and lines from their context and have not perceived the author's purpose. There Then Howard Barnes had to be are goverened by the francitive verb "let" coached. Howard was and still is the colered proprietor of a "restauraw" in Madi-"The finest cook this side of on street. the shining stars," Captain Dan Able would solemnly assert. Field sat at table with these distinguished 'nossum eaters, ate his share of the only piece de resistance with a relish and told this little story;

Two Afro-Americans were tiding along a country road on a cold, blustery day, each whose mutilated victims the scattered over cunted on a horse. They jogged along talking about family and agricultural affair in periodical form, may perhaps count until finally the conversation drifted to themselves in good company when linked extables. When the subject of something with illustrious names, writes A. Blackto eat comes up for discussion the Afrohis trumps in a contest for downright si- American recognizes "his best holt." They mon-pure homeliness. After dinner his little had touched lightly on several items of

OUR BOYHOOD HAUNTS

Ho! I'm going back to where We were youngsters. Meet me there, Dear old burifut chame, and we

Will be as we used to be-

Learnbers rangers up and down

Little su burnt gods at play.

Just as in that fare away: -

Water-nymphs, all majeraid,

Shall smile at no from the brink

Of the old millrace and wade

Towns us as we knieling drink

At the spring our boyhood Knew,

Pure and clear as morning deur:

And, as we are vising there,

Doubly don'rd to hear and see

We shall thus be made aware

Of an earise piping, heard High above the happy bird In the hazel: And then we,

Just across the creek, shall see

Hoof it our the sloping green,

Stamping from the grassy soil

Aye, and (the the beasty man!)

Brusid scents of therederlis, Boneset, mint and pennyroyal.

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Reproduced from a Sheet of the Manuscript of "Home Folks," Through the

want me to fall off'n dis yere hose?"

Field noticed this and said to me: "I don't

JEFFERSON MEEK

tnink the great State of Missouri should

pay a man \$5 a day to make faces at God?"

SOME MISQUOTATIONS.

accompanies in their travels many familiar

quotations! Even writers of recognized

rank occasionally emit a discordant note

S. C. Hall, in his "Memories of Great Men

and Women," tells how Wordsworth com-

his porm, "Yarrow Revisited"; how he took

from a bookcase one of the Waverley

The swan upon Saint Mary's Lake Floats double; swan and shadow;

then said, "Now, I did not write that; I

The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake

Ploats double; swan and shadow,

novels, and read:

the capital. There were nightly symposi- and it seems that he treated the matter

THE POET RILEY'S PENMANSHIP. 🚜 🚜

Courtesy of the Bowen-Merrill Company. S S S S

good-night. Placing her arms around his

neck and affectionately kissing him, size lisped: "Good-night, my dear, pretty papa."

As she disappeared up the stairway Field

"Colonel, if I were in your place I

wouldn't encourage an innocent child to lie in that manner!" The Colonel "saw" the

point, and there was a great burning of

tive of the Campbell Printing Press Com- !

pany, and in addition to this he was a roy-

al good fellow. On one of his birthday an-

niversaries friends presented to him a hand-

some portrait of himself. The affair took

place at the Laclede Hotel. Of course, there

were newspaper men, oysters and trim-

mings, speeches and songs galore. Of course, also, Field was there. He had to

be, for the making of the presentation ad-

dress had been assigned to him. His open-

ing sentence may be cited as an example

of the sort of a talk he made, "My friends,"

said he, "this beautiful portrait of Bro. Yorkston was made from a bust that he

During a session of the Legislature Field

look at things. He planted himself in a

cozy suite of rooms under the hill below

High street and there wrote letters to his

paper. Not news letters-bless you, no.

There wasn't a line of that sort in them;

but they were delightfully readable, all the

same. Such hilarious biographies of learned

lawmakers were never before or since writ-

ten; such chronicles of happenings that

never happened, that could not by any pos-

sible means happen, were never before com-

mitted to the types. That suite of rooms

was the Mecca of all the "good people" at

happened to be on at the time."

"Bob Yorkston" was the local representa-

cigars and things thereafter.

daughter entered the parlor to bid him their imaginary menu, and at last came to

(Hah! the goaty rascal!) Pan

Mad with his own melody,

The old creek beyond the town _

followed these brief lines only one step further he might have been more than serious; for Mr. Hall himself, in merrating the incident, does not quote as Wordsworth wrote. And worst of all for his exactness, the quotation is not from "Yarrow Revisited," but from the tender and beautiful conception, "Yarrow Unvisited," written at a distance of twenty-eight years from the

In a chapter in Miss Mitford's "Our Village," she quotes: The swans on fair Saint Mary's Lake

Float double; swan and shader

It is certainly correct to say swans float, and the swan floats; but Miss Mitford had lost sight of the context, as had Mr. Hall, and besides, to have correctly rounded the form of her quotation she should have said "swans and shadows." But doubtless memery induced the car to refuse that, and one mistake, as generally, led to another. It is clear that Mr. Hall and Miss Mitford are both at fault. They have dissevered the

In those that precede them, thus: Let beeves and home-bred kine partake The sweets of Eurn-mill mendow The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake Float double; swan and shalow! We u il not see them; will not go.

These instances might serve to point a moral; and the grosser offenders of to-day. large tracts of passing literature, especially wood in the New York Times. But to the judicious such larges tend to dim the glory of any name. Such malformations arise from a lack of appreciation of the essential thought of the author, or pure ignorance, or simple carelessness, or from an appropriation of it to a present purpose, and its setting in other than its own natural bear

otic state in the memory, and when the suggestion comes and they spring in sight. down they go without reference to their relationship, and either a twist becomes recessary to the writer's purpose or a wrong word has forged its way in on the wings of time, and there it stands, a jarring note, a false light, a spurious coln, a per-petual offense. The author, and especially the poet, cannot treat the matter otherwise than seriously. The lines as they stand in Wordsworth brook no change. To touch is to blemish them. The scene is described as if the eye rested upon it. In Scott's form and Miss Mitford's we feel there is something wanting; that which gives the picture its vividness of detail-the stillness is left out. Such quotations are not interesting. One editor writes within quotation marks

Or old unhappy days, And battles long ago.

"Who that's but an editor, fair, soher, wise," would so descerate the form of "The Solitary Reaper," and rob of their charm one of Wordsworth's most consummate passages? Such things are a slander of the muse, an offense to literature. The writer who would play fast and loose with the offspring of the poet's brain, and

Hath no music in himself, Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sound Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils; The motions of his spirit are dull as night, And bis affections dark as Erebus.

When such a writer would quote from the poets, "let him hush."

Will no one tell me what she sings? Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unimppy, far-off things, And battles long ago.

Every one quotes; the child its mother; the boy his schoolmaster; the man his friend. Families and communities have beir derived maximus. A writer has recent ly pointed out a resemblance in this be tween Sam Weller and the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." For Sam was a master of the art, and Burton swims in a sea of quotation, These masters do not make mistakes.

To what splendid purpose does Bacon use

quotations; each one fastened "as a null in a sure place!" Like Mr. Weller, he names his author. Sam says: "Away with melan choly, as the little boy said when his school talssis died," Bacon says: "And therefore Montaigne saith prettily," "As Virgil saith," "For Solon saith well to Croesus."

BECKY SHARP'S CHARACTER. In Becky's admirably naughty presence, Beatrix Esmoral shows thin and facilities. and Blanche Armory dwindles to the measure ure of her literary affectations. Becky Sharp is indeed of that identical perfection which we find nowhere outside of nature says W. D. Howells in Harrer's Workly If Thackeray had done nothing else, she must have immortalized him; and he did a multitude of figures, all so much better than his method of doing them that one healtutes whether to wonder more at means so false or results so true, This greatest creation of his is first of all to tempered that she cannot even Blogically arrive at any other end than she reaches, though she sometimes stands at the parting of the ways, and now and then advances a little in the right way. She is destined to make others her prey, not because she is stronger, but because she is weaker; she might be willing to be good if she thought goodness would avail; and she is at ner worst because certain things are left out of her rather than because she has done certain things. She has defects of nature; she is incapable either of pussion or affection; she loves neither her husband nor her son; and these defects are imputed to her for evil, but they hardly constitute guilt. Her guilt is in telling and acting lies; but she tells them and acts them because she is weak and has no other means of offense or defence that seemed to her so effectual. She is not incapable of gratifude, and when she can with safety do others a good turn sh sometimes does it; she would probably at "How'd ya' cook 'possum?" asked on:

"Well," said the other with a sort of judicial deliberateness. "Th tell yo'. I hang 'em out at night an' freeze 'em the'

"Well be a sold in the work of your properties and the sold in an' tho' Den in de mawnin' take em in perhaps he might not in a maturer worl. He is holsterously sarcastic at her expense an' put em in a pet an' pa' hile' em. When as if she were responsible for the d yo's got 'im pa' biled yo' wants to lay 'im of her nature, and must be punished for the distribution of her nature. in de pan gently, po' some biled greass ovah 'im an' lay sweet 'taters an' nome passley an' some—'

"Shet vo' mcuf, yo' fool niggah, does yo' but in his time and place he could scarred but in his t "Shet yo' mouf, yo' fool niggah, does yo' have any other; after all, he was a simple want me to fall off'n dis yere hoss?"

The chaplain of the State Senate that subtler time must do finer justice to a subtler time must do finer justice to a session was a very homely man. In his woman badly born, and reared in depend-daily invocations for divine guidance his facial contortions were really upleasant. to a world where she must light her own way, taught the evu consciousness of the fascination which she had but which she never telt for men; married to a reprobate aristocrat not her supersor in nature, and distinctly her inferior in mind; tempted by ambition and spurred by necessity 'he greater since she had her husband as well SOME MISQUOTATIONS.

as herself to care for, she was predestined to the course she ran; and she could not have run any other, made as she was, so

so pretty, so graceful, so un TAUGHT BY EXPERIENCE. by putting the wrong word here and there. EVEN a lunatic may not wholly lack the power to reason. This truth appears in a plained of Scott's having misquoted from lum by the trustees. story Life tells of the inspection of an asy

Walking through the grounds, they came upon a party of workmen who were repairing a wail. One of the harmiess patients, apparently assisting in the work, was pushing a wheelbarrow alone upside down. "My friend," said a kind-hearted trustee

gently, "you should turn your wheelbarrow over."
"Not on your life!" replied the patient.
"I turned it over yesterday, and they put Vhat To Eat

IS PATING IN PUBLIC INDECENT? PAGE 34L WHITE-HOUSE RECEPTION PASE 359. A DINNER FOR DOCTORS-FISE 370.



This is the 5th year of What To Eat, "the Marvel of Magazine Literature." There is nothing like it on earth, and its success has astounded old publishers to whom the building up of a periodical means the investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars. One of the unique features about it is its covers, which have been admired, preserved and utilized in a hundred ways. They serve as posters at church fairs. They are used as dadoes around the dining-room walls. They are framed and hung in restaurants. A lady in Washington writes: "I saw one of your magazine covers the other day representing a little Dutch girl acting as serving maid. It is too sweet and cute for anything. Can you send me the number which has it. I will pay ten times the price of the magazine, and gladly, to obtain it."

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Is Eating in Public Indecent? She "scores" men and women alike-men particularly, and when you get through the article you feel as if two-thirds of mankind ought to take her advice and hide behind doors while they "feed." Then comes an

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